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ABSTRACT

In this booklet, an eleven year old Hawaiian boy describes his family and his life in Hawaii. Included are descriptions of his school, his participation in sports, his home and his food. A glossary of Hawaiian terms used in the text is provided. (EE)

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My name is Stephen Kekaulike

and I live in Papakolea

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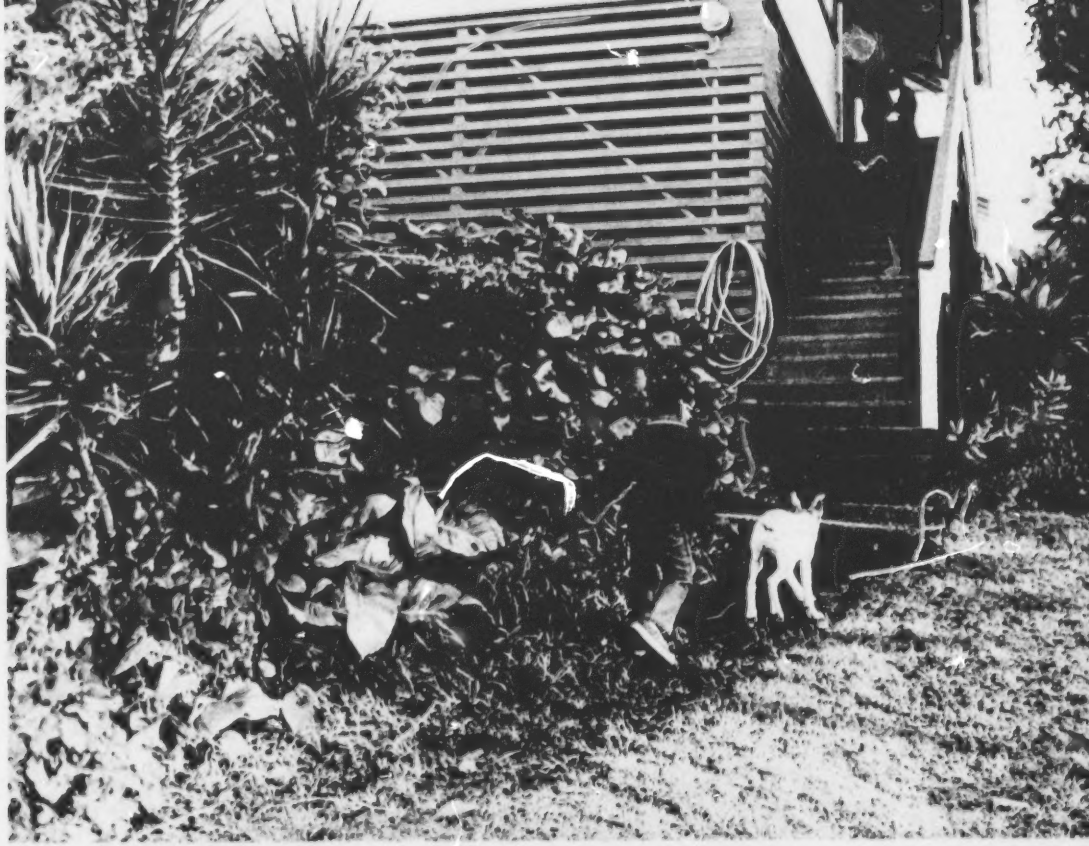
My name is Stephen Kekaulike. I'm eleven years old.
Let me tell you a story about me and my family and where we live.

We live in Papakolea on Hawaiian homestead land. Our house is on a hill near Punchbowl and Tantalus. From our window, I can see the high rises of Honolulu . . . I can hardly see the ocean.

Do you know about homesteads? I know this about nomesteads. To get one you must be at least half Hawaiian. So, when you're in Papakolea, you see many Hawaiian faces.

Our lands are used for our homes. Some bigger homesteads in other places are used for farming or for raising livestock.

My grandpa told me that the homesteads were set aside for Hawaiians over 50 years ago, because so many had lost their lands. Right now there are a lot of Hawaiian families who have been waiting a long tim for a homestead.



My grandparents are both pure Hawaiian.
After they got a homestead in Papakolea,
they had to build their house on the land.
My dad was young then. He and his brothers
helped, as much as they could, to build the
house. Later on, after my dad was married to
my mom, this homestead was passed on to him.

My grandpa lives with my dad,
mom, little brother Larry, and me.
Grandpa told us he played the French
horn for over 30 years in the
Royal Hawaiian Band.

I like music too, especially
singing. Our sixth grade chorus
sang at Hale Nani Hospital and Gem
store at Christmas time. We had to
practice plenty before we were ready
to sing our Christmas carols in front
of all the people. It's good fun
singing in a group with other children.
Mom, Dad, and Larry came
to hear us sing.

I guess my dad cares for music too.
He can play the guitar and **'ukulele,** but
he enjoys coaching children in sports more.
Once, when someone asked him why he likes to
coach, he said, "I like kids. I want to
keep them off the streets."

My dad works hard at his job in Kaneohe.
After he's **pau** work, he spends most of his
spare time coaching for the Tantalus
Athletic Club.

Many of us on the team are from Papakolea. By the time my dad gets home from work, a lot of kids are at our house waiting for him. Then we all go down to the field together. During practice my dad expects each of us to try to do our best. If anyone fools around we say, "You going get it!" That means he'll have to run laps. But none of us think my dad's too strict or mean.

Each year we play football, basketball, and baseball. My favorite sport is basketball. We took the Police Activities League championship in flag football again because all of the boys and girls on our team worked together.

Sometimes about five boys from the team spend the night before the game at our house. We play bingo, cards, watch TV, or just play around.

Before you know it, either my dad or my mom is saying, "Okay boys, go **moemoe.**" Both of my parents like to have my friends over.

My friends all know my mom because she comes to our games and roots for us from the sidelines.

She volunteers her time in the preschool at Lincoln where Larry and I go to school. Larry was in preschool last year; now he's in kindergarten. Mom told us how much fun she had showing the children how to turn pumpkins into jack-o'-lanterns for Halloween.

Everyday, she and some other ladies supervise us while we eat lunch. They walk around the cafeteria and keep an eye on us to make sure we don't get into trouble. My mom them want us to have a good lunch.

One of my best friends in school is Chuckie Kaniho. Both of us have the same middle name, Mahealani. When we were fourth graders, some high school boys from Kamehameha taught us Hawaiian games and sports. Now, two years later, as sixth graders, Chuckie and I were asked to show a fourth grade class how to play a game called **ihe pahe'e** or spear-throwing.

Before the game starts the leader shouts, "**Ho'omākaukau!**" and we get ready. When we hear, "'**Oia,**" we throw the smooth wooden spear underhand so that it slides across the grass.

To make a score, the spear must pass between two pegs without touching them. If you miss, the rest of the team says, "**Auwe!**" But if your spear goes at least half way through the pegs, the team shouts, "**Maika'i!**"

The children had fun playing the **ihe pahe'e.** Chuckie and I liked joining in and teaching them.

I remember reading that in old Hawai'i, Hawaiians would hand down what they knew to the young children. The **kūpuna** would tell them about the history of their family and explain the customs and ways of Hawaiians. There was no need for books then.

Besides listening to their **kūpuna,** the boys and girls learned by watching and taking part in the daily work of their family. Even now, children can learn from their **kupuna.**

Almost every weekend we go down the country to see my grandparents on my mother's side. Usually, before we leave, my dad goes shopping early in the morning at the fish market. Larry and I go with him.

As we follow my dad past the counter, the fish eyes stare back at us. You can see the silvery **ʻōʻio, awa,** and **akule,** the dark grey **aku,** the bright red **kūmū** and red snapper lying on the ice.

My dad's first stop is the Hawaiian food section. He usually buys **poi,** some fresh fish, **aku** bones, and **limu** there. My dad says that certain foods like squid, raw crab, and even poi are just getting too expensive to eat all the time.

Whenever my dad gets **laulau** or **kālua** pig, it sure smells **ʻono** in the car while we're driving back home. My mom makes different things like **poke** or **lomi** raw fish from the food we buy. When she's **pau,** we take the fish, poi or whatever else my parents have to share down the country with us.

My uncles, aunties, and cousins meet us there almost every weekend. Grandma and Grandpa are always happy to see everybody.

Their house isn't big, but no matter, everyone has a place to sleep and plenty of food to eat.

My grandparents brought up nine children, six of their own and three **hanai.** Most of them have children now, so there are lots of people over when we all show up. The grown-ups talk story, play cards, cook, relax, and enjoy themselves.

Larry and I spend most of our time playing with my cousins. We like to come here because it's close to the ocean and beach.

Bobby's sisters, Doreen and Maelynn, like to look for shells and smooth stones. So does Larry. Doreen and Maelynn spent the summer with us in Papakolea. My mom told Larry and me s enjoyed having girls around the house for a change. Maybe ne summer they'll be with us again.

My older cousin, Bobby, goes fishing with our aunty whenever he can. You should've seen all the **'oama** they caught last summer! The whole family had fish to eat.

When we go to the beach, Bobby and I go out on the rocks. Since Bobby's good at fishing, he teaches me what he knows.

We make sure Larry stays by us because he's only five years old. He's kind of a rascal and that's why Grandma calls him her **kolohe** kid.

I remember that it was after a day at the beach that Grandma told Doreen, Bobby, and me the meaning of **'ohana.**

Grandma was mixing poi in a big bowl when Doreen asked, "Grandma, my mom said you used to pound the **taro** to make your own poi long time ago. How come you don't anymore? We had to wait for Grandma to finish mixing the poi and to **kahi** the bowl. Then she picked up my baby cousin and told us to come sit by her.

Hawaiians in old Hawai'i used the land to feed their families. They farmed the land together, and in return for their hard work, the land gave them sweet potatoes, bananas, breadfruit, and taro. Of all these, taro was the most important food.

"Is that because they made poi from taro?" asked Bobby.

"You have asked a good question, Doreen, and the answer is simple. You need land to grow taro to make poi. If you don't have the land, you can't grow taro.

"Yes, and since the poi kept Hawaiian families healthy and strong, they had a special feeling for taro. Your ancestors believed that each new sprout of the taro plant was like a new child in their family. They called the sprouts of the taro plant **'oha** which was almost the same as the word for family, **'ohana.**"

"But Grandma," asked Doreen, "Does this mean that Stephen, and Bobby and I are like the **'oha**?"

"That is right. You, my **mo'opuna,** are like the sprouts of the taro plant and so are your parents, brothers and sisters, Grandpa and I, and all our relatives. We are all family, we are all 'ohana.

Because we are 'ohana, we try to be together as much as we can. We help each other and care for each other's happiness. Our feeling of closeness to our family gives us strength when we need it!"

We were all quiet after Grandma
finished talking. Then I asked her,
"Grandma, why can't our family live
and be together like the 'ohana
in old Hawai'i?"

Grandma looked at me and said,
"Well, Stephen, the ways of the 'ohana
have changed over the years. There are
still some Hawaiians who have enough
land, which makes it possible for
their families to share the work and
be together, almost like the 'ohana
of ancient times.

For most of us that is not so.
We work and live in different places.
Grandpa and I have our house here, your
aunties and uncles live somewhere else
and you, Stephen, live in Papakolea.
But remember, no matter where you go, or
what you choose to do later on, you will
always have us, your 'ohana."

I'll never forget
what Grandma said to me.
Someday my brother Larry
will be old enough to
understand.

Like me, he will never forget the meaning of **'ohana.**

Since children enjoy reading what other children have to say, I have written this story as though Stephen Kekaulike were telling it. I would like to thank Adrienne and Simeon Kekaulike and their son, Stephen, for allowing me to write about their family in this way and for letting me include some of the feelings and concerns of many other Hawaiians in this story.

K. Kahalelauniu Bartel

Glossary of Hawaiian Words

auwe Too bad! Oh!

hānai This most often means a child who s taken care of, educated, and loved by someone other than the parents, usually a grandparent or other relative.

ho'omakaukau To prepare.

kahi To run the fingers along the sides of a poi bowl to remove the **poi** clinging to the sides.

kalua pig Pig that has been baked in the **imu** or ground oven.

kolohe Funny; mischievous.

kupuna Grandparents; relatives of the grandparents' time, such as grandaunts or granduncles.

laulau Wrapped packages of **ti** leaves containing pork, salt salmon or butterfish, and **lu'au** (taro tops), baked in the **imu** or steamed.

limu Seaweed which can be eaten; often added to raw fish.

lomi raw fish Raw fish worked with the fingers, salted, and mixed with seasonings.

maika'i Good; fine.

moemoe Sleep.

mo'opuna Grandchild; grandchildren.

'oia Go ahead.

'ohana Family; relative or extended family.

'ono Delicious; tasty.

pau Finished; ended.

poi A food made from cooked **taro,** which has been pounded and thinned with water.

poke raw fish Raw fish cut into bite-size pieces, salted, and mixed with seasonings such as seaweed, **kukui** nut, chili pepper, or onion.

taro The food plant that was the staple of life for Hawaiians in old Hawaii. The base of the **taro** plant is used to make **poi,** and the **taro** tops or **lu'au** are cooked as a vegetable.